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THE ROSEBUD

1918.

THE ROSEBUD

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Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen

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Being the Seventh Annual Published by the Waterloo High School

To

MR. ZELLAR A. WILLENNAR

Who has given us much of his time and talent in the perfecting of this Annual, and whom we all hold in respect and esteem as a teacher and friend, we dedicate this seventh volume of The Rosebud.

FOREWORD

You have before you the seventh annual published by the Senior Class of the Waterloo High School. We have done our best to make this volume one worth reading and one that is typical of our own school. Whatever success we may have achieved in preparing this annual has been because of the loyal support of the students of the High School, the helpful advice of the Faculty, and the financial support of the business men of Waterloo and vicinity, without which this publication would have been impossible.

We could not tell everything concerning our school life in these few pages, but have aimed to present, in a vivid, interesting way, some of the many incidents of our school life and the things that the Waterloo High School is doing for its students. We hope it may be an incentive to the common school graduates to take the High School Course.

To those who read this book, we hope it gives you sincere pleasure and joy.

THE ROSEBUD STAFF.

THE ROSEBUD STAFF

Business Staff

Business Manager ..... Jack Moore
Advertising Manager ..... Joe Miser

Editorial Staff

Editor-in-Chief ..... Lynn Arthur

Course of Study

Mr. A. R. Hall — Mr. Z. A. Willennar
Miss M. C. Kroft — Miss M. M. Bailey
Miss G. J. Bixler

Literature

Helen Manroe — Helen Eberly
Worden Brandon — Anona Bensing

Calendar

Hazel Edwards — Velma Wertenbarger
Georgia Fee — Helen Dannells

Jokes and All-Sorts

Lydia Wines — Lois Arthur
Helen Eberly — Lucile Whaling

Art

Wilma Thomas — Russell Luce
George Speer

Society

Zedalethean ..... Lester Lowman
Ciceronian ..... Helen Manroe

Military

Opal Fretz

Athletics

Frank Forrest

Snap-Shots

Lynn Arthur — Hazel Edwards
Leroy Hamp — Jack Moore
Irene McCague — Columbia Wing

Alumni

Darrel Smith

Pleasures

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Domestic Science.

MISS BLANCHE SAUERS,
Seventh and Eighth

Third and Fourth
MISS LELA NUGEN

MISS LOA WINES
Fifth and Sixth

MISS MABEL DEUBENER
Second

MISS FLORENCE BERRY
Primary

ENGLISH

English is the most important subject in the High School curriculum. Ability to understand the printed page and power to express one's thoughts in correct language are necessary in order to succeed in other studies. Literature appeals to the imagination and the emotions, and stimulates mental activity. One who is familiar with the thoughts and ideals expressed in English Literature will get more out of life than one who is not.

The four years' course in English is arranged as follows: First year, review of Grammar and Elements of Rhetoric; Second year, continue Rhetoric, with frequent exercises in oral and written composition; Third year, History of American Literature; Fourth year, History of English Literature. We learn to appreciate literature not so much by reading about literature as by reading the literature itself; to this end a carefully selected list of classics is provided for each class. Frequent themes train the students in writing correct language. Memorizing choice gems of thought from the masters of literature forms another phase of the work. Each student is required to give a review of some selected book.

An effort is made to correlate English with other subjects, especially History, because it has influenced Literature to a great extent. Exercises in Current Events, besides training students in oral composition, lead toward the reading and studying of the history that is being made daily.

HISTORY

History has two chief purposes—first, it promotes culture, and second, it has a practical value in teaching the progress and mistakes of the past as a guide to the future. Never was a knowledge of history so essential to the average citizen as it is today. No one can thoroughly understand the present European struggle without a knowledge of the history of Europe in the nineteenth century. No one can thoroughly understand the statement of President Wilson, when he says: "The world must be made safe for democracy," without a knowledge of the struggle of civilized man for freedom thru the past centuries brought to us thru the pages of history.

Our course of study follows closely the outline planned by the State Board of Education. In the Sophomore year the pupil begins the study of Ancient History by a study of the most ancient nations leading to about 800 A. D., with special emphasis on Greek and Roman History. The Mediaeval and Modern European periods are studied in the Junior year. The work covers thoroughly the growth and spread of christianity, the origin of our institutions of government, the development of the modern nations and the growth of democracy thruout the world. The Seniors study American History in the first half of the year and Civics the last half. The effort is made to give the student a comprehensive view of our great nation and government and a devotion to the nation's ideals.

FOREIGN LANGUAGE

There are many advantages to be gained from studying a foreign language: as the principles of grammar are essentially the same in all languages, the study of Latin or German in High School serves to familiarize the student with English grammar. The vocabulary of the average Freshman is naturally limited, and nothing serves to broaden it and furnish a supply of synonyms as well as the study of another language.

At least sixty per cent of the words in the English language are derived from Latin: this alone would justify studying Latin in High Schools. Since French, Spanish and Italian are but modernized forms of Latin, the High School Latin furnishes a foundation for the study of any or all of these. The terms used by professional men—doctors, pharmacists, lawyers, etc., are in great part Latin. Much information of historical interest is learned from translating the writings of the ancient Romans. The greatest benefit, however, is that it teaches pupils to think. One cannot translate correctly without thinking of case, number, tense, voice, etc. When a vocabulary gives several English equivalents of one Latin verb, the student must choose the one best adapted to the sentence—thus the judgment is trained.

The first year's work in either language consists of memorizing the declensions and conjugations, acquiring a vocabulary, and translating simple exercises. During the second year Caesar's Gallic War is translated. The great resemblance between Ariovistus and his descendant, Wilhelm II, has made "The War With Ariovistus" especially interesting this year. Exercises in Prose Composition once each week train the student to translate English into Latin. As only a few desired to study Cicero's Orations this year, that course was omitted.

The study of German is not being emphasized this year, and will not be offered next year, but it was thought best to allow those who had begun it last year to have an opportunity to complete their language requirement in that language.

MATHEMATICS

One and one-half years are given to Algebra. The purpose in view is correctness of thinking and accuracy in action. Mathematics teaches one to be exact, not part of the time and only in some places, but all the time in all places. If the pupil is preparing for higher education, Algebra is required as a basis for more advanced work. If he goes into business the training will lead him to be more exact and clear in his every-day thinking.

Geometry is offered in the last half of the Sophomore year and during the Junior year, the work including five books of Plane and three of Solid. The study of Geometry is such that it will lead the student to recognize and comprehend mathematical construction of various objects round about him. The work with lines, angles, polygons, etc., in Plane Geometry, and planes, cubes, spheres, prisms, etc., in Solids, give concrete problems in Mensuration, while

at the same time it is preparing for work in engineering, surveying, and leads into the field of applied Mathematics.

One-half of the Senior year is given to Commercial Arithmetic, involving reviews and drills of the practical problems in Arithmetic that are met in every-day life. The main subjects treated are fundamental operations, decimals, fractions, mensuration, percentage, interest, discount, partial payments, gain and loss, notes, papers, etc.

SCIENCE

Physics is the science of natural phenomena and laws governing them. The work of the first semester is in Mechanics and Heat and that of the second is in Magnetism, Electricity and Light. So far as possible the work is made practical. The laboratory is fairly well equipped with apparatus for individual and class experiments.

Agriculture. "The basis of all American life and progress is the American farm." Back to the soil is the cry. The purpose of this course is not to turn out in one year boys and girls with expert knowledge of how a farm should be carried on. It is rather to create an interest in the vital subject, which interest will lead to more attention to farm possibilities. The work covers in general: Plants and Plant Propagation, Tests for Germination, How to Increase the Yield, Soils, Various Farm Crops, Farm Animals, Horses, Sheep, Cattle, Hogs, Poultry, Plans of Buildings. The library is supplied with a large number of Farmers' Bulletins and Reports which are used as supplemental work.

Botany offers interesting subject matter to fulfill the science requirement. It is more than the science of plants for in it we study not only the structure of the different parts of the plants, the four great groups of plants and their various methods of accomplishing their two functions in life—getting a living and reproduction—but also how they adapt themselves to environment, distribution, elementary plant breeding and forestry, and their relation to the industries. Practically every industry depends, directly or indirectly, upon plants, hence the importance of studying them. They offer great range in size and complexity, from the Giant Redwoods of California down to bacteria, which average one twenty-five thousandeth of an inch in diameter. It was Emerson who said: "The microscope cannot find the object in Nature which is less perfect for being little." The truth of this becomes evident when we study algae, fungi and other microscopic plants, which one unfamiliar with botany would overlook entirely. The students become more observing of Nature and more appreciative of her beauties.

Last fall the class made a study of trees and each student collected and mounted leaves of twenty species. A collection of common weeds was made also. In spring each student made a herbarium of fifteen spring flowers with detailed description and drawings of each plant. Several experiments were made to illustrate scientific principles. Frequent field trips brought the students into actual contact with Nature and made the work more attractive as well as more profitable.

MANUAL TRAINING

No great amount of Shop Work was done by the High School boys this year as the students have already done much more than the required amount of this kind of work.

The Grade boys gave one period a week to the work. The work was largely elementary, care and use of tools, squaring stock, planing, ripping, laying out problems, etc.

A small table with checkerboard top was made by each student that applied all the various problems of squaring, mitering, gluing, mortise and tenon making, and finishing.

COMMERCIAL LAW

A new subject introduced this year which is proving to be a decided success is Commercial Law. The students feel that it is work that is of direct benefit to them as it brings them in touch with some of the common phases of every-day business life.

The work is given in one semester and covers the subjects of Contracts, Agency, Negotiable Papers, Sales and Transfer of Property, Insurance, Partnership and Corporations.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

Every woman should know something about the science of cooking and the art of sewing. Many girls do not have the advantage of learning much of these subjects at home, so because of their importance, they have been given a place in the life of the school. One of the objects in introducing cooking and sewing in the public schools is to stimulate in the lives of our girls an interest for home-making.

This year, more so than ever, our girls have had a chance to become acquainted with the problems of the home. In our cooking we have tried to follow the food conservation plans of Mr. Hoover, the food administrator, in which he asks us to use foods which heretofore were not used extensively in our diet. And many of the recipes we found very satisfactory, especially the cereal dishes, and also the war breads, in which we used corn-meal, oat-meal, rye, barley, graham and whole wheat flours. The substitute foods must be used in the diet at the present time and our girls have learned how to cook many of these foods, so without doubt this fund of knowledge, small as it may be, helps our mothers with their food problems. Among useful things in the line of sewing, our girls have made simple garments for the poor and wearing apparel for themselves. They have also learned the old-fashioned art of knitting and have devoted much of their time to knitting for the Red Cross.

MALE AND BRASS QUARTET

MUSIC

MUSIC AND ART

Music

Music is the universal language. It is the natural expression of the heart. The high school music seeks to develop the pupils' power of expression, to increase his power to understand, to enjoy, and cultivate a taste for that music which leads to real culture and nobler thoughts.

Opportunity is given in the chorus work to learn some of the best standard songs. The pupil through history work becomes acquainted with some of the leading composers, whose compositions he may learn and enjoy by use of the Victrola. A class in Elements of Music is open to those who do not have the technical foundation necessary to the highest enjoyment and understanding of the art.

At Christmas time a program was given by the High School, making use of a general chorus by a cantata, as well as individual numbers given by those most talented.

In April a musical play, "Miss Cherry Blossom," was given by the High School chorus. This only proves what can be accomplished in a musical way in High School by real work and proper interest.

MISS GINEVRA BIXLER.

Art

Art is not a thing to be done, but the best way of doing whatever needs to be done. It is a vital part of our every-day life. With this idea in mind, our High School Art aims to develop the power of observation, seeing the things most important and beautiful. We want our Art to express truth and beauty in its broadest sense.

The High School course offers work in water-color, pastel, pen and ink, and oil. It is our desire to create a better understanding and a real appreciation of all that is beautiful, hoping at the same time to make the Art work pretical for the common everyday life.

MISS GINEVRA BIXLER.

THE LIBRARY

The W. H. S. Library contains about eight hundred volumes. Nearly five hundred forty of these are reference books; those remaining are fiction. It is classified according to the Dewey Decimal System. Mr. Hall has charge of the arranging of the books. The library meets all the requirements of the Public Library Commission of Indiana. The Waterloo Public Library is also open to High School students.

HAZEL EDWARDS, Librarian.

SCENE FROM "MISS CHERRY BLOSSOM."

DIPLOMA
SALT

JACK MOORE

"I pray thee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee."

Jack, probably the jolliest of the Seniors, began life near Moore, five and one-half miles southeast of Waterloo. During the past four years he has taken part in all the activities of school life. He is captain of the basketball team. He has business principles and conscientiously aims to do his duty in whatever he undertakes. According to his present plans we can picture him sitting behind a schoolroom desk and many eager faces turned toward him as he leads them on in acquiring the mysteries of an education.

LYNN ARTHUR

"And still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry
all he knew."

"Art," the Valedictorian of the class, made his first debut in Waterloo. He has been one of the foremost of the class in High School. Lynn is one of the two charter members, having completed twelve years' work in the Waterloo schools. He is also interested in music, having been a member of the orchestra and quartette. He expects to attend school this summer.

FRANK FORREST

"I have set my life upon a cast,
and will stand the hazard of the
die."

Frank, one of the best all-around members of the Senior Class, was reared on a farm three miles south of Ashley, Ind. He came to the W.H.S. from the country. Here he has distinguished himself in his studies and in social affairs. He s tenor singer in the quartet that sings famous songs on Hallowe'en and St. Patrick's Day celebrations. He is a member of the basketball team and delights in playing the game. He has well-defined ambitions and intends to be an electrical engineer.

HAZEL EDWARDS

"Attempt the end, and never stand
to doubt,
Nothing's so hard but search will
find it out."

Hazel "Nut," a jolly member of the Senior Class, began life at Butler, Ind. When she entered high school it was with a determinaiotn to make the most of her opportunities. She also likes to get as much fun out of life as possible. She has surely fulfilled both ambitions. Besides being a faithful scholar and schoolmate, she likes athletics and is a guard on the girls' basketball team.

JOE MISER

"He was a man of an unbounded stomach."

"Fat" is one of the fun-loving members of the Senior Class. He began his career on a farm near Waterloo. He, with Lynn, has completed twelve years' continuous work in the Waterloo schools. This last year he has come from Corunna, either by the "Corunna Special" or by Ford to acquire knowledge in the W.H.S. The two occupations which Joe delights most in are eating and playing the cornet. His polite, business-like manner makes him respected by all.

LYDIA WINES

"The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she."

"Lid," one of the merriest members of the Senior Class, was born near Edgerton, Ohio. She attended the district school north of Waterloo until her graduation. She then entered the W.H.S. and although we have several times been in great fear of losing her, she has stayed with us thru thick and thin. She has been a jolly companion and classmate to the Class of '18. She also expects to be a pedagogue.

HELEN MANROE

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command."

Helen, the Salutatorian of the Class of '18, hails from a farm south of Corunna. She has been with us during the past four years of high school work. Here she has set an example for good work in school and in literary society, as president. She has farther to come than any of the class and patiently waits for No. 23 every night to take her home.

LESTER LOWMAN

"And so I penned it down,
Until at last it came to be,
For length and breadth, the
Bigness which you see."

Lester, better known by the nickname of "Fuzz," is the biggest Senior. He has patronized the Waterloo schools all his life. He has distinguished himself in many ways. One is his attachment to a certain Junior girl. He has held society office and is active in all musical organizations, playing the baritone. He is a leader in social affairs.

WILMA THOMAS

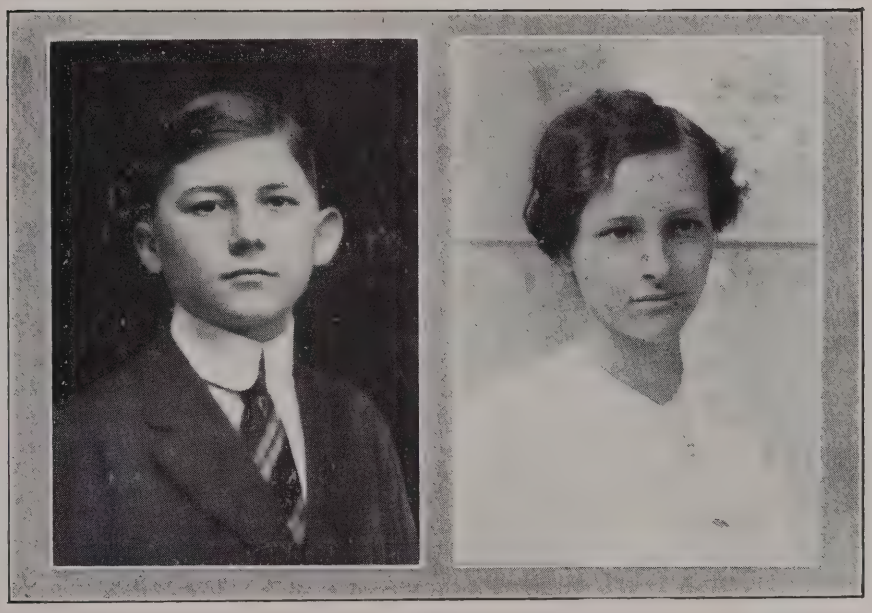
"Her voice was ever soft, gentle
and low;
An excellent thing in woman."

"Tommy," a jolly member of our Senior Class, comes from Corunna. She has proven herself a faithful student and loyal classmate in school. She has held class and society office. Music and basketball are two of her favorite pastimes. Her voice has "charms to soothe the savage beast" and her art work is especially commendable.

DARREL SMITH

"He hath indeed bettered expectation."

"Tator" began his career near Butler, Ind. He has lived in Waterloo during most of his school life. His ready wit and humor have made him a favorite with pupils and teachers. Although he left school for several months in his Junior year, he saw the value of acquiring a full high school education and re-entered with a determination to succeed. In this he has been successful.



WALTER MICHAEL
Born April 30, 1900
Died Sept. 13, 1917

GLADYS MOORE
Born Sept. 7, 1898
Died May 11, 1916

We may hope with an undying hope
Since He who knows our need is just,
That somewhere, somehow, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees;
Who hopeless lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marble play:
Who hath not learned in hours of faith
The truth to sight and sense unknown,
That life is ever lord of death,
And love can never lose its own.

SENIOR CLASS ORGANIZATION

President ..... Jack Moore
Vice-president ..... Lydia Wines
Secretary and Treasurer ..... Helen Manroe
Poet ..... Frank Forrest
Historian ..... Helen Manroe

Motto:

Quality Atones for Quantity

Colors:

Old Gold and Navy Blue

Flower:

Violets

Yell:

Hong Kong! Ching Chong!
Gold and Blue.
Violets, violets, tell us true,
Are '18 Seniors all true blue?
Are they? Are they?
Well, I guess!
Class of '18 stands the test.

Class Roll:

Frank Forrest
Wilma Thomas
Helen Manroe
Lynn Arthur
Lester Lowman
Hazel Edwards
Darrel Smith
Lydia Wines
Jack Moore
Joe Miser

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

Well, at last my task is finished. For four years I have watched the present Senior Class of the W. H. S. develop. I'll tell you how I became acquainted with them. In September, 1914, while in Waterloo, I accidentally met the Freshman Class on its way to school. They were such bright and healthy-looking boys and girls that I became very much interested in them and have continued to follow them in their high school career. So the other evening when I was asked to write a paper for the Club, I used them for my subject.

The Class of '18 originated in the assembly room of the High School of the town of Waterloo, Indiana. These Freshmen, being an unusually bright and healthy group, escaped the minor ills of childhood, such as mumps, measles, etc., and were only affected by the things really worth while. For, as may be judged from its origin, the Class of '18 received its education in the W. H. S. and in its first year won many laurels, not only in scholarship, but in social affairs as well.

As it grew older, many happy times were enjoyed by this class, especially in its second year. New honors were gained and fresh battles won. But in the latter part of this year, the class was saddened by the death of one of its best beloved members.

Still time rolled on, and the Class of '18 continued to prosper. Habits formed in early life are rarely broken. This proved to be true of this class, for it became renowned not only for its ability to do good honest work in the school room, but also for its ability to have a jolly good time outside of the school room. Life seemed very pleasant to this class until there came the death of another of its members. Saddened but not disheartened, the class went on with the work that usually falls to the lot of the graduating class, besides keeping and adding to the honors it had gained in the High School course.

—HELEN MANROE, '18.

SENIOR CLASS POEM

On the ninth of September, when the air was chill,
Thirty-one Freshmen entered all with good will;
At first we were backward, but still we were smart,
Before that year ended, we had a good start.

On the sixth of September, the following year,
There were twenty-one Sophies, for the Seniors to cheer;
But we who were brave, and full of pluck,
Laughed at their sneers, and to our High School stuck.

It was in the fall of the year sixteen
That fifteen Juniors in the Assembly were seen;
Of course we labored, for it was hard for us,
But we used our old motto—"sticktoitiveness."

And then we were Seniors with ten in our class,
Just like "Fords"—hard to pass;
And now we are through with our High School days,
We'll win our fame in brave, upright ways.

As we leave, we are humble and filled with joy,
There are four sweet girls, and six nice boys;
And now we enter on the plains of life,
First for a fortune and then for a wife.

—FRANK FORREST, '18.

THE JUNIOR CLASS

JUNIOR CLASS ORGANIZATION

President	Harold Strow
Vice-president	Oliver Miser
Secretary and Treasurer	Georgia Fee
Poet	Oliver Miser
Historian	Helen Eberly
Yell-Leader	DeVon Bartholomew

Motto:

Up and Doing

Colors:

Black, Scarlet and Gold

Flower:

Sweet Peas

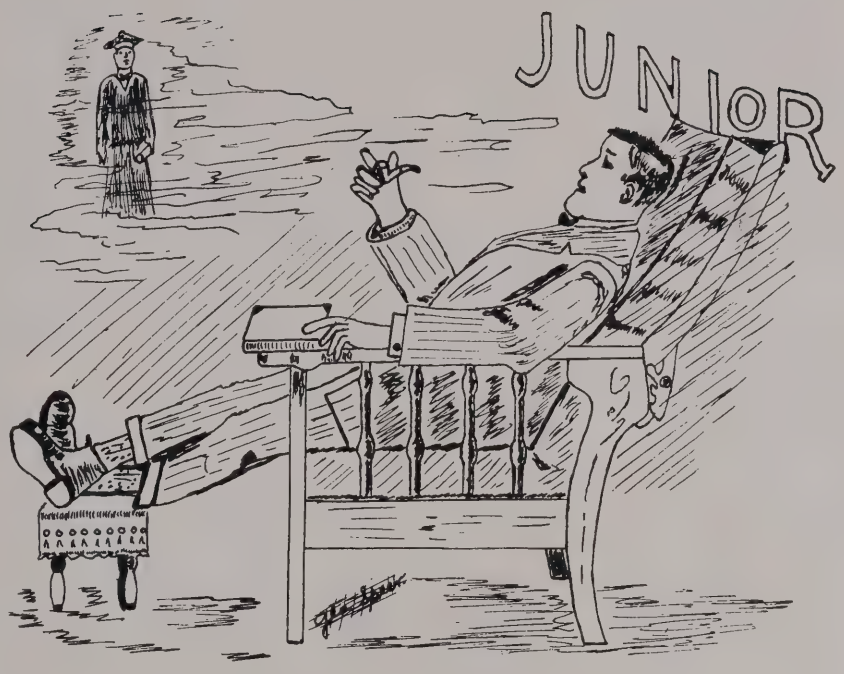
Yell:

Strawberry Shortcake,
Huckleberry Pie,
V - I - C - T - O - R - Y.
Are we in it?
Well, I guess!
1919's are the best!

Class Roll:

DeVon Bartholomew	Kenneth George
Georgia Fee	Eston Fales
George Speer	Worden Brandon
Oliver Miser	Lauretta Gfeller
Harry Fisk	Harold Strow
Irene McCague	Helen Eberly
Leroy Hamp	Russell Hamman
Vera Heign	Dannie Walker

Robert Widdicombe



JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

The Class of 1919 is a fine example of Maj. Moudy's teachings—we are very military. We have fought three years of civil war, the ammunition being chiefly B. B. shot, paper wads, and erasers. We have always been good soldiers because we obey the commands of our teachers almost before they are spoken. Our class has sent a member, Corporal Hubert Fee, to Camp Shelby to represent us in the U. S. Army.

Like all great armies, we are made up of a great variety of people; we have experts, expert Latin students, Geometry, Domestic Science and Botany students. Furthermore, we have talent; we are represented by officers in both literary societies, in the W. H. S. quartet and both boys' and girls' basket ball teams.

At present our regiment contains only seventeen members, of the thirty-seven that enlisted in the Freshman class. Nevertheless, we are still in the ranks and winning medals of honor.

—HELEN EBERLY, '19.

JUNIOR CLASS POEM

Juniors, strive, our days are numbered,
Compensate the days we've slumbered.
One more year our school days o'er,
Another age will ope' the door.

Three years we've struggled toward this prize,
Taking each fall with each rise,
Taking the victories with the knocks,
Gaining the light which knowledge unlocks.

Many have fallen ere the victory won,
Leaving for other duties, one by one.
Great will be the reward of those who stay,
Discharging each duty day by day.

We're Up and Doing, no courage do we lack
While we're following the scarlet, gold and
black.
We'll stick until every duty is done,
Leaving the old school with the victory won.

—OLIVER MISER, '19.

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

SOPHOMORE CLASS ORGANIZATION

President ..... Irene Frick
Vice-president ..... Opal Fretz
Secretary and Treasurer ..... Lois Arthur
Poet ..... Anona Bensing
Historian ..... Ruth Price

Motto:

What we are to be we are now beginning

Colors:

Purple, Yellow and Black

Flower:

Violets

Yell:

One a Zip!
Two a Zip!
Three a Zip!
A Boom!
1920—Give her room!
Are we in it?
Well, I guess!
Waterloo Sophomores are the best.

Class Roll:

Ross Myers
Lois Arthur
Irene Frick
Russel Dunn
Alice Sherwood
Wilma Clark
Ruth Price
Anona Bensing
Opal Fretz
Van Brecbill
Francis Goodwin
Maude Brecbill
Velma Wertenbarger
Clyde Fales
Harriet Brown
Helen DeLong
Blanche Melton

THE CLASS OF 1920

In September nineteen-sixteen we came
To W. H. S. to win our fame.
We've studied hard, we've studied long,
Just to make the grey matter strong;
The Class of Nineteen-twenty.

No other school can take the part
Of W. H. S. to the Sophomore heart;
There are Juniors, Seniors, and Freshmen, too,
But they all try to act as we Sophomores do;
The Class of Nineteen-twenty.

We know that Sophomore means "wise fool,"
But there's an exception to every rule;
The exception to this good rule was made
By Waterloo Sophomores—their record can't fade;
The Class of Nineteen-twenty.

We'll raise our pennant to the skies,
We'll force each student to lift his eyes;
We'll cheer it, adore it, as long as we live,
Our hearts to the High School we Sophomores give;
The Class of Nineteen-twenty.

—ANONA BENSING, '20.

CLASS HISTORY

We, the members of the Sophomore Class, began our High School career with an enrollment of twenty-four, thirteen being graduates of the Waterloo Grammar Department, the others coming from the country and Corunna. Two of our members discontinued their school work, leaving an enrollment of twenty-two. We began our Sophomore year with sixteen pupils. Later Wilma Clark joined us.

Our motto is: "What we are to be we are now beginning." We feel sure that our class will be heard as achieving success in every line of work that is taken up.

—RUTH PRICE, '20.

THE FRESHMEN CLASS

FRESHMAN CLASS ORGANIZATION

President ..... John Forney
Vice-president ..... Orval Fretz
Secretary and Treasurer ..... Elsta Moudy
Historian ..... Helen Dannells
Poet ..... Dawson Quaintance

Motto:

Now or Never

Colors:

Maroon and Gold

Flower:

Pink Carnation

Yell:

Who are we? Who are we?
We are Freshmen!
Don't you see?
Now our first year's work is done
Hurrah! Hurrah! for '21!

Dawson Quaintance
Elsta Moudy
Thelma Till
John Forney
Frederic Frick
Lucile Whaling
Erda Robinson
Glen Daniels
Orval Fretz
Edison Geeting
Martha Carper
Ralph Ayers
Clark Ayers
Helen Dannells
Robert Bonfiglio
Gerald Fee
Hugh Farrington
Helen Dunn
Erma Colby
Benetah Farrington
Columbia Wing
Russell Luce
Herbert Willis

CLASS HISTORY

We, the Freshman Class of 1917-18, entered the Waterloo High School on September 10, 1917, with an enrollment of twenty-four. Thirteen were graduates of the Waterloo Grammar Schools and the other eleven came from the country.

After the first week, one of our members discontinued his school work, leaving an enrollment of twenty-three—twelve boys and eleven girls. We were very timid at first, as all Freshmen are, but we soon became accustomed to High School life. We take part in school entertainments and are represented in the Girls' B. B. Team.

We are a very jolly bunch and enjoy having a good time, but we like to look forward to the time when we will be Seniors, so we are striving to fulfill our motto, "Now or Never." HELEN DANNELLS, '21.

CLASS POEM

On September the sixth, thru thick and thin,
The Freshmen Class all gathered in;
Some were dull and some were bright,
But, on the whole, we're all alright.

In Latin class we gain a prize;
In Algebra we're bound to rise.
And in all other classes, too,
We've done the best that we could do.

We work at night and use our brain,
This worldly knowledge for to gain;
But what's the use for us to toil,
For we shall all go back to soil.

DAWSON QUAINTANCE, '21.

EIGHTH GRADE

President ..... Hazel Wertenbarger
Vice-president ..... Wayne Goodwin
Secretary ..... Aileen Fisher
Treasurer ..... Jack Parks

Motto:

Can't is Un-American

Colors:

Red, White and Blue

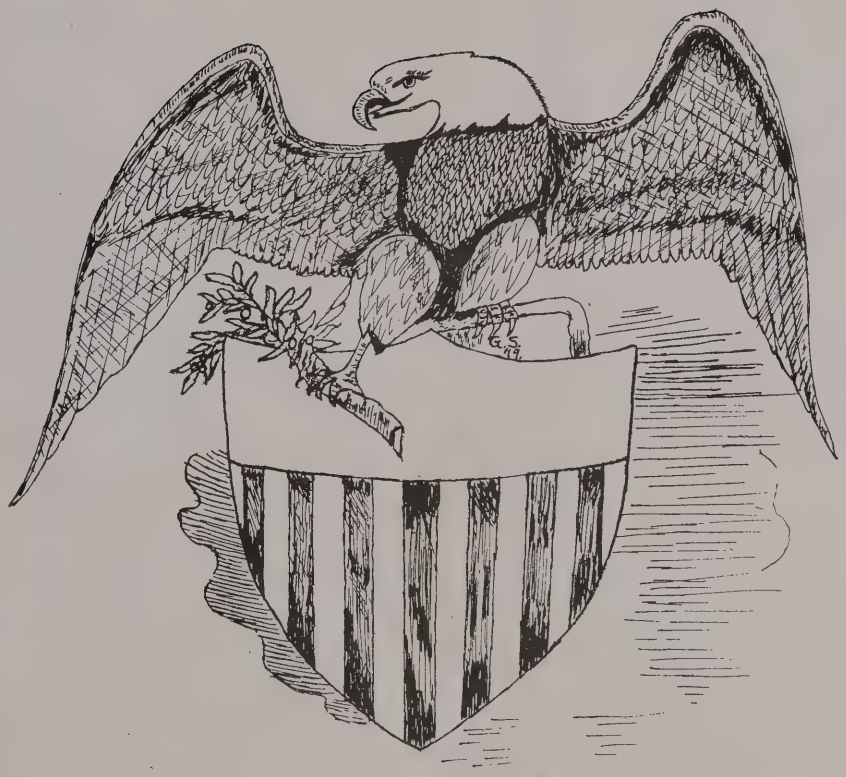
Flower:

American Beauty Rose

Yell:

To Hik, to minnie,
Mi, holo, qu lute.
A bunk ti la
Waterloo Eighth Grade
Rah! Rah! Rah!

THE EIGHTH GRADE



MILITARY

OUR PART IN THE WORLD WAR

The W. H. S. is indeed not behind in patriotism. It has representatives in the army, navy, and Red Cross. It has twenty members in the army, one in the navy, and two in the Red Cross, sacrificing all for the freedom of mankind. The High School is also 100 per cent. enlisted in the Junior Red Cross, the amount of membership fees being $18.25. War Saving Stamps and Liberty Bonds have been purchased by a large percentage of our students.

We have a Service Flag which we are all surely proud of. This flag was made by the Domestic Science Class. The dedication services for the flag consisted of the singing of national songs of France, England and America. After these, Mr. Isaac Speer gave the dedicatory speech, recalling the Civil War days and the firing on Fort Sumter fifty-seven years ago. George Speer read the names and addreses on the roll of honor. Rev. Jones gave a very interesting talk and concluded by telling the story of "Over The Top." The names and addresses of the boys represented on the flag are:

Clyde Crooks	France
Hubert Fee	Camp Shelby, Miss.
Harry Rude	(Deceased)
Clarence Bookmiller	Camp Shelby, Miss.
Clarence Mills	U. S. Navy
Marion Jackman	France
Howard Dilgard	Camp Shelby, Miss.
Harold Fretz	Camp Shelby, Miss.
Elmer Fretz	Camp Shelby, Miss.
Russel Wittmer	Camp Sherman, Ohio
Harley N. Rohm	France
Glen Myers	Camp Shelby, Miss.
Harry Girardot	Fort Hunt, Va.
Ralph Boozer	Ann Arbor, Mich.
Albert Gould Stanley	Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
Maj. A. -L Moudy	Camp Shelby, Miss.
Miss Flora Saxon	France
Mrs. Agnes Leas Strong	Paris, France
Edward Hankey	
James Boozer	Fort Hancock, N. J.
Fred Bowman	Fort Hamilton, N. Y.
Clarence Robinson	Fort Greene, N. C.
Ralph Browns	France
Ivan Ingersol	Camp Taylor, Ky.
Will H. Willis	Fort Thomas, Ky.

ZEDALETHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Zedalethean Literary Society is eight years old. This society has given four literary programs this year. It has the usual officers, who are elected by the members. The society usually chooses one of the Faculty as critic. Its aim has been to develop and train the members in a musical, dramatic, literary and social way. Visitors and patrons show keen interest and delight in the excellent talents of its members, which are displayed in the rendering of its programs. A pleasant and keen rivalry exists between the two societies—the Zedas and the Cices, which spurs each on to excel the other.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

Members of the Zedalethean Literary Society, Faculty, and Friends: As I enter upon my duties as President of this most honorable society, I wish to thank each and every one of you for the honor and confidence which you have bestowed upon me.

Now I must speak of your assistance. It has been a real necessity for all former presidents to have the hearty co-operation of the members. This is not only a benefit to yourself but necessary for a higher standard in the society. To obtain this higher standard, you do your best and I my very best, and this society will remain supreme. I thank you.

LESTER LOWMAN, '18.

The officers for the first semester were:

President	Lester Lowman
Vice-president	Joe Miser
Secretary and Treasurer	Wilma Thomas
Sergeant	Herbert Willis

ZEDALETHEAN SOCIETY

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

Members of the Zedalethean Literary Society, Faculty, and Friends: As I enter upon my duties connected with the office conferred upon me, I wish to thank you for the honor and trust bestowed upon me, and promise to fulfill your expectations to the best of my ability, and shall endeavor to keep the standard of the society up to its present height.

In order that we may do this, I must have the hearty co-operation of all, which seems to be the most essential step in carrying on work of this nature.

However, I do not think it necessary to dwell long on co-operation and the like as I think you are well acquainted with the real significance of the work.

Assuming that you do your duty to the society and yourself, I again thank you for the honor given me.

WORDEN BRANDON, '19.

The officers for the second semester were:

President	Worden Brandon
Vice-president	Helen Eberly
Secretary and Treasurer	Georgia Fee
Sergeant	Russell Luce
Reporter	Thelma Till

CICERONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Ciceronian Literary Society was organized in 1910. By the earnest endeavor of the students it came to hold an important place in the school work. The programs which were given every six weeks were something to look forward to and the students found High School life more interesting because of the variety afforded by the society. Some say that the society has reached its zenith; this may or may not be true, but if it is, the present members can at least do their best to keep the standard of the society in the high place set for it by former members.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

Members of the Ciceronian Literary Society, Faculty, Schoolmates and Friends: Upon this occasion I wish to thank the members of the Ciceronian Literary Society for this office.

It has been the custom of other presidents to make speeches on co-operation, but I think it is unnecessary because I am sure that each and every member will give his loyal support and will not only keep the Society up to its standard, but still go further by making this the most successful semester of all semesters for the grand old Ciceronian Literary Society.

JACK MOORE, '18.

CICERONIAN SOCIETY

The officers for the first semester were:

President ..... Jack Moore
Vice-president ..... Leroy Hamp
Secretary and Treasurer ..... Ross Myers
Sergeant ..... Robert Bonfiglio

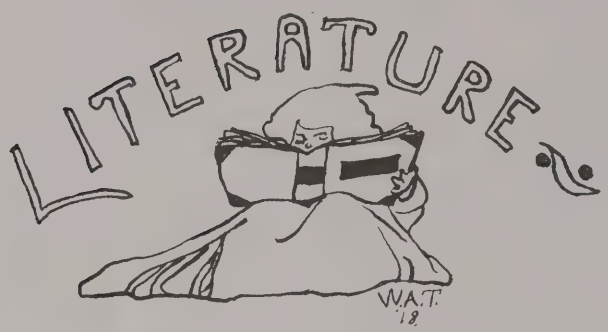
INAUGURAL ADDRESS

Fellow Ciceronians, Faculty and Friends: At this time I wish to thank the members of this society for the honor they have bestowed upon me, in electing me to this position of trust and responsibility. I have just one request to make of you loyal Ciceronians, and that is to unite with me in the resolution that during this last semester we will stand firmly together and make the Ciceronian Literary Society represent all that is best and most worthy in High School life. I thank you.

—HELEN MANROE, '13.

The officers for the second semester were:

President ..... Helen Manroe
Vice-president ..... Harold Strow
Secretary and Treasurer ..... Ruth Price
Sergeant ..... John Forney



THE HAND OF FATE

In a small village in Carter County, Kentucky, lived Morten Campbell, a man of millions. He, like other men of wealth, had started at the bottom of his profession and by working hard, had gained his present position as owner of numerous lumber camps.

Campbell, in his early life, had been a mountain lumberman, and while in the Cumberlands had married a typical mountain girl. He and his bride lived in a small cottage near the lumber camps. But in a few years, Campbell wearied of the responsibility of his wife and young son, and when one day, upon returning from a trip to the mills down the stream, he found his wife stricken with malaria fever, being more or less an ignorant mountaineer, he refused to call a doctor, but instead, abused her for not having his supper ready. That night, while he slept, his wife was relieved of her troubles and worries by Death. Campbell, awakening in the morning and finding his wife dead, hurriedly dressed, and long before the sun was up he was rafting his way down the river, leaving his only child to perish from hunger.

About two years later he married a charming young heiress, whom he loved very much. He bought a large tract of Virginia forest land and by good management increased his worldly fortune. But soon after the birth of his second son, his young wife died. Again he was a widower, and with his wife's death he lost his great ambition for wealth. So, taking his little son in his arms, he resolved to make him a gentleman, and also to find his other son, whom he had so long neglected.

* * *

Eighteen years later, in the fine new High School building that stood on the campus, there were hurrying to and fro the thirty Seniors who in a month's time were to graduate. On this particular day they were eagerly waiting to hear the Faculty's report announcing which of their classmates would be the Valedictorian.

Ralph Campbell, the millionaire's son, was a handsome young man of good qualities but he had gained his exceedingly high grades through bluffing and by getting the ideas and papers of his fellow-students, in his congenial sort of way. From one person especially did he receive welcome assistance. That was from the most studious member of the class, Frank O'Connor. Frank came from the Cumberland Mountains, clad in threadbare homespun clothes. Frank possessed a charming, honest personality and in his inconspicuous way was as good to look at as was the popular Ralph Campbell. The boys, both of the best

of habits, were friends with but one hindrance—they were both admirers of the same girl, the pretty Ruth Raymond, the only child of Judge Raymond. Ruth was loved by all who knew her for she was impulsive, generous and kind-hearted to everyone. Her deepest sympathy was always given to Frank O'Connor and he often walked to her home, where he enjoyed many luxuries that were not possessed by the dingy old boarding house where he lived while attending school. He often payed her little courtesies which she did not know were mute expressions of his love for her.

Ralph Campbell also went occasionally to the home of Judge Raymond, and very often in the evenings could be seen driving with Ruth through the village, or walking over the campus. Sometimes Frank O'Connor accompanied them and at these times both boys showed a small sign of rivalry. This greatly embarrassed Ruth for she had soon found that she did not know which one she admired more, but she did know that her father was determined that she marry a man of rank and money, and Frank O'Connor had neither.

At the final decision of the Faculty, Frank O'Connor was awarded the honor of being Valedictorian, with Ralph Campbell as Salutatorian. At first Ralph was jealous, but being wise enough not to show it, he congratulated Frank, who had worked hard for the honor.

Frank now concentrated his whole efforts upon his address and only one night had he the opportunity of meeting Ruth. That was on the campus, and there, with much stammering, he told her of his love and begged her to wait for him until he could do something which would prove himself worthy of her. After his sincere avowal of love, Ruth told him she would give him his answer on graduation evening.

The evening before the graduation exercises, Ralph Campbell, having his address completed, walked over to Judge Raymond's to see Ruth. When sitting upon the large veranda he told her how he loved her and asked her to become his wife. She smiled and said: "Ralph, you and I have been friends for years and my answer should be prompt, but this time you must wait for me; I will give you your answer tomorrow night."

Ruth was never so perplexed in all her life. Two young men whom she respected very much had asked her for her hand, and she must answer each of them on the same evening. What should she do?

Once more the sun had risen and sunk over Olive Hill and nearly the entire population were flocking into the auditorium to hear the graduation program, for it was the largest class that had ever left the school.

Judge Raymond and Morten Campbell sat side by side a few seats from the front. Both were proud fathers of two of the town's most popular young people.

At eight o'clock the class entered with Frank O'Connor at the head. He was exceedingly handsome in the new suit which had caused him so much sacrifice, and many whispers were heard asking who he was.

Ralph Campbell's opening address was skillfully prepared and given with eloquence. Everyone admired him for what he was. Frank O'Connor closed the program with a frank, inspiring talk, and murmurs of approval were heard from the vast audience.

After the diplomas were presented and the crowd had begun to disperse, Morten Campbell came to Frank to offer him a position, if he would accept.

As he shook the hand of Frank he noticed a ring which Frank wore.

"Where did you get that ring, my boy?" asked Mr. Campbell.

"It is one my mother had; it was her wedding ring, so my grandfather said," replied Frank.

"Joe O'Connor!" gasped Campbell. "Is he your grandfather?"

"Yes, sir, and I have lived with him since my mother's death."

"Where is your father?" asked Ralph, who was now full of wonderment.

"Ralph, I have never told you that you had a brother," gasped Morten Campbell, "but, thank Heaven, we have found him at last. Frank, I am your neglectful father."

"You my father!" exclaimed Frank in amazement.

"Yes, yes," replied Campbell.

"And you, Ralph, are my brother?" again spoke Frank.

By this time everyone else had left the room and when the boys walked down the isle hand in hand, who should they meet but Ruth. Each was eager for his answer. As she approached she had a stern look on her face. Frank and Ralph told her of their relationship. Ruth, so full of joy, burst into tears. Your answer, boys, "the hand of fate could alone decide."

Which one did she choose?

HELEN EBERLY, '19.

NEEDS OF WATERLOO

If we, by chance, should look over the history of Waterloo, we would find that about fifty years ago Waterloo was a busy town. It had the respect of the neighboring towns and the patronage of the country people for miles around. But then, just like every other great thing, it had a period of decline. Now it is gradually rising again. I will try to explain a few needs, which, if provided, would in all probability bring Waterloo to a higher standard.

We have a certain class of people in this town that may be termed "live wires." Again we have another class that is just the opposite. The hustlers are so handicapped by the others that they have been powerless to do good. So we should convert the kickers to see what is really necessary for the up-building of the community; or, if that is impossible, go ahead without them. As soon as they see that conditions are improving, they will come over to our side. Now, if the people would lease some ground in or near Waterloo to some men with financial backing who would establish a couple of factories, it would make old Waterloo boom. It would increase the population and bring more patronage to the home merchants.

Along with labor we should have some pleasure. Why not buy a piece of ground and make it into a beautiful, up-to-date park; a place where the laborer can seek rest and quiet on a Sunday—a place where he with his wife and children can go and enjoy a band concert?

Now we must look out for the children. Men and women should be trained as citizens while they are yet children. Isn't a Y. M. C. A. and a Y. W. C. A. capable of doing this? Anyone who has been through one of these institutions

and understands its teachings will say that it will. It lifts the morals of the youth, keeps them out of mischief, and puts them on a higher plane of civilization.

Again, if a town wishes to be live and enthusiastic, it must in every case be musical. That is, it should have a brass band, orchestras in the Sunday Schools, and a music society. To accomplish this, the town should hire a capable musical director and teacher, who would soon have a musical interest going. If the town is unable to hire a director, enough money could be raised by popular subscription. In a short time these organizations would be self-supporting. A town without music has a tendency to be dull and uninteresting.

Another great necessity for Waterloo is a new school building. It is thoroughly understood that it takes an education "to do things" at the present time. Children are required, and later urged, to go to school, so why can't they be blessed with good surroundings and things with which to work? We all know this urgent need—why go further?

To improve the town, paved streets would help. It would make the town cleaner and improve the sanitary conditions.

Of course, there are many others, too numerous to mention. To supply all the necessities of a community or city would be like trying to invent a perpetual motion machine—impossible.

—LESTER LOWMAN ,'18.

THE GHOST OF HENDEL'S CORNER

It was generally admitted that the little old house on Hendel's corner was haunted. It had been empty for ten years and all the folks in the country around said that in the middle of the night strange lights were seen and weird voices came from the house. The children of the vicinity and, in fact, many of the older folk would go very much out of their way to avoid passing the haunted house after nine or ten o'clock.

One afternoon in December a young man and his sister stopped at the home of Deacon Hathaway and asked where Mr. Henry Hendel lived. The deacon was very much surprised because Mr. Hendel was the last man to live in the house on the corner and since his death the house had been given up to ghosts. He told the young people all this and they seemed very much surprised that Mr. Hendel was no longer living and they told their simple story in this way.

They were Henry Hendel's grandchildren. Their mother had been Mr. Hendel's only child and her mother and father had idolized her until Charles Burton had come to the neighborhood and Elsie Hendel had eloped with him. Mr. Hendel, being a very strict man, at once disowned his daughter and at her death she had told her son and daughter to go to her father with a message from her begging his forgiveness, and they had immediately started on their mission.

Deacon Hathaway, out of friendship for the late Mr. Hendel, offered them shelter but they wished to know the way to the old house, where they said

they would wait until time for the returning train at 12:30 the next day. Upon being told that the house was haunted, the girl shivered and wished to accept the deacon's offer, but her brother laughed at her fears and said he was not afraid to spend one night in a place where his mother spent twenty years, so they started for the haunted house.

Upon entering the house, they found it very much as Mr. Hendel had left it, and having procured a few groceries which they would need until the next day from the deacon's, they went to work to prepare supper. After this meal they sat down to wait until bedtime and discussed the life their mother must have led in the house which the country folk feared. About nine o'clock they decided to explore the old house and find the best place to sleep. Upon going upstairs they found several queer looking objects which they had never before seen, and upon further exploration found several old kettles and also small cavities for fires made by small iron vessels placed deep in the floor.

"Something of grandfather's, I suppose," said the boy, indifferently.

"Yes, I suppose so," answered the girl, "but I'd like to know what they're for. Say, don't you think we had better go down? It might be time for the ghosts."

"Oh, Ruth! There's an old trunk," exclaimed the boy, interestedly. "Let's see what's in it." And the two set to work looking through the old trunk. They found several pieces of fine old silk and lace, and down in the bottom was a box. Ruth lifted it out carefully and, opening it, found a necklace, ear-rings, and a bracelet all set with magnificent rubies.

"Why, Ralph Burton," she exclaimed, "this must be that set of grandmother's that mother told us about. Well, at any rate, we'll put them back and see if there's anything else of importance."

"Here's a bunch of old papers, letters and such things. Perhaps we'll find some of mother's letters. Here's a long envelope, Sis, and—why, Sis, it's Grandfather's will. 'Last Will and Testament of Henry Wesly Hendel!' Let's read it. Why, Ruth, he willed all his property to mother, so it's all ours. All ours! Then those beautiful rubies are ours. Now, let's go downstairs and talk it over."

As they reached the foot of the stairway, a squeaking, grating sound came from upstairs, reminding them of the ghosts. They tiptoed over to the fireplace and seated themselves noiselessly, determined not to leave until the ghosts had appeared. After a while a light appeared in the stairway and, upon going upstairs, Ruth and Ralph found a small man, who grinned at them in a far from ghostlike way.

"Wal," he drawled in a resigned way, "I'm caught at it at last. I've been makin' medicine by night an' gatherin' herbs by day fer a long time an' the folks 'round here tuk it fer granted thet I wuz a ghost an' I aint let 'em find out no different. I heard ye readin' the old man's will up there so I reckon I'll hev to git out an' won't bother ye any more. I 'lowed ye'd come along some day but thot I'd borrer yer house fer a while." And with that he went to stir his medicine.

"Well, well," said Ralph, thoughtfully. "So this is the ghost that all Hendel's corner has avoided for ten years."

The next day the little medicine man left Ruth and Ralph alone in the

house, which they lived in for a long time—so long, in fact, that folks have almost forgotten the queer lights and noises that came from the house on Hendel's corner.

ANONA BENSING, '20.

YUKON, THE LAND WITH A SUMMER CHARM

For countless ages all people have looked upon the North as a cold and barren land, the home of the iceberg and storm. In the past few years it has been given to a favored few to learn that it is a land of beauty, of sunny days and clear skies, of foaming waters, and green, dome-shaped hills, of high cliffs and rugged granite peaks, snow-crowned for all time to come. Old, yet seeming to ever change and be always new, it is a land that charms and holds those who come; sometimes they go, but only to return again, for those who look upon the land love it for evermore.

This vast inland empire is known to the people of the North as the Yukon, and it is the watershed of the river of that name. The Indians call it Yu-kon-ah, meaning "mighty water." Its length is more than two thousand miles, and it drains an area of more than half a million square miles, and discharges more water into the sea than the Mississippi or the Amazon. It is seventy miles wide at its mouth and at its source at the summit of White Pass, a child can step across it. Large steamers navigate this river for eighteen hundred miles, and if one stands on the bank, one hundred miles from its mouth, he cannot see the other bank.

European countries having the same latitude as the Yukon, with soil less rich and climate more rigorous, produce annually for export, cattle, sheep and horses by the thousands, and of grain and vegetables, millions of bushels.

In the not far distant future this empire of the North will do this and more; the dome-shaped hills will with gold enrich nations and her fertile valleys feed them. In five years just past, the Yukon has added to the wealth of the world many millions of dollars in gold. In the quantity, quality aid value of furs produced annually, the Yukon leads the world and has no equal. The valleys are rich in wood, coal, petroleum and copper; thousands of acres of wild grasses grow shoulder high; in the marshes are cranberries and huckleberries, and on the slopes are wild currants, gooseberries, stawberries and raspberries; in the waters are fish, and in the forest game. Of all countries it is the newest of the new and the richest of the rich.

Of those who occupied the land in days gone by—the Red Lords of the North—but few remain; the ways of their white brothers were not theirs, and to them meant extermination. Of those that are left, the strongest are of the Pelly, Tananow and Thlunget tribes; they have a semi-historic legend of their Asiatic origin that is very fascinating to the folklore lovers, and their dogs, half-wolf, half-bear, are not to be seen elswhere in the world.

The enchanting beauty of the wide-spreading Yukon valley—its glorious sunshine and its wealth of vegetation, fruits and flowers—comes as a great surprise to one who beholds it for the first time, and often causes exclamation:

"This cannot be the North." And it is not the North Land of which you have read and thought perhaps to see, but away off in the distant blue are still the mountain peaks capped with eternal snows. No more glorious summers are to be found anywhere else, nor for the sportsman, the Northern autumn. Here in the late fall you can hear the moose and the caribou calling that it is time to get into their favorite meadows, where they winter; and hear, in the evenings, and goats and sheep tramping in droves and seeming to confer as to the best place to locate; the grouse call softly in the thickets; the squirrels are busily adding to their already overflowing storehouses; and there are also the bears—black, grizzly, brown and cinnamon, fat and sleepy, and in the sedges can be heard the ducks and geese, discussing their annual excursion to the south—truly a hunter's paradise.

WORDEN BRANDON, '19.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

Mrs. Howe sat up and wiped her eyes. She must not let her husband know that she was crying after all the things she had said about women who tried to keep their boys from enlisting. But then she didn't know that Jack was going, and—down went her head among the pillows;—she might as well have a good cry and get it voer with. For if Jack came home tomorrow—what had she said anyway. After wiping her eyes again, she drew the letter from her pocket and read it again.

"Dear Mother and Dad:—I have enlisted as you knew I would, for who could help it after talking with grandfather? I hope to reach home on the 25th for a short vacation before I begin training. JACK."

It couldn't be—no, it was not possible that her baby, her little son, was a grown man and about to take his place in the world war.

She dropped down in the pillows on the couch, while her mind went back over the years of his childhood, the time he went fishing and fell in the creek, the time he fell from the barn loft and she thought he was dead, the time he and a neighbor boy went to drown the kittens and after dropping them in the water, jumped in and rescued them. But suddenly the scene changed and she was a little girl again among the roses in the garden of her southern home. She and her mother were seated in the arbor near the end of the garden. Mer mother had been reading the story of "Little Red Riding Hood." Suddenly they heard rapid hoof beats and a group of cavalrymen rode into the yard before they had time to leave the arbor.

Upon seeing her mother, the leader dismounted and advanced and asked if she would give them something to eat. Her mother consented and the men dismounted and followed her into the house. But the captain lingered behind to ask the little girl if she would climb up on the gate post and watch for any other troops that might pass that way. If she saw anyone coming she was to let him know at once. She promised and he went into the house.

For two long, hot hours the little girl sat there on the gate post, patiently watching. At last she saw a cloud of dust off to the east. She quickly called

the captain. After watching it for a few minutes he said that it was a troop of Union horsemen. He sounded the signal "to horse," but before his troop had reached the crossroads, they were overtaken by the Union men, who began firing when they were still several hundred yards away.

At the first sound of firing, the little girl and her mother with the colored servants hurried into the cellar, where they remained until the firing ceased. Then her mother sent two of the servants to see if any of the soldiers had been wounded. They came back and reported no wounded men, but two dead. Her mother ordered them to go back and bring the bodies to the house. Other servants were set to work digging two graves beneath the rose bushes in the garden. While this was being done, her mother went to the attic and brought down two Union flags which had been stored away at the beginning of the war.

By this time the servants had reached the house with the bodies of the soldiers. One was very large and his face was covered with a great black beard. He had on a cavalryman's uniform and by his trappings was judged to be the captain. The other was just a lad, his thick, light hair matted with blood, but a smile was on his face.

The bodies were wrapped in the flag for which they had given their lives. With the little girl and the servants standing near, her mother read a simple burial service as the bodies were lowered into the graves—just as the servants fired a volley over the graves, Mrs. Howe awoke.

Had it all been a dream; was it fifty years ago it had happened? Could not the lad have been her own son Jack? With a sob she dropped to her knees beside the lounge, praying "The Father to spare her son, but if he too must give up his life for his country, that he might find a final resting place beneath the roses somewhere in France."

HELEN MANROE, '18.

MISS LAVERNE'S VACATION

Miss LaVerne was far from satisfied as she read the letter in her hand, especially that first disappointing paragraph:

My Dear Daughter:

> I am writing to tell you that your cousin Millie will be here upon your arrival, and is to remain all during vacation. She too is a school teacher. She wrote me last week to say that since the death of her father we are her nearest relatives living, and said she would like to make us a visit during her vacation. I was very much pleased with her letter and, of course, I wrote telling her to come for the whole vacation. She seemed so glad to accept and I hope you will like each other.

Of course, there was more to the letter, but Miss LaVerne had eyes only for that part. After nine months of teaching slow children something that they knew nothing about and cared still less, she longed for a quiet vacation alone with her family in the little brown house on the hill. Now she would have to entertain company all during vacation. Her mother had said that

Millie would be there on her arrival, so they would not even have the first few days alone. She was indeed disappointed.

At last the day came. She was to start as early as possible in order to be rested for the little party which she knew the young folks would give her that night. And despite the fact that Millie would be there, Miss LaVerne was very happy as she sat waiting for the train.

The train was crowded as it came into the city, and by the time Miss LaVerne was on there was only one place vacant on the train, and that was beside a piquant girl in gray. Miss LaVerne quietly asked her if the place was occupied and upon receiving a smiling shake of the head, she seated herself and settled her suitcase for the journey. The girl beside her was very quiet. She did not speak a word nor did Miss LaVerne until they reached the station before Hillsborough. When the train stopped for that station, the girl asked if she knew what station it was and in this way a conversation was started.

The girl was going on a vacation too, it seemed, and during the short conversation Miss LaVerne found herself thinking, "If only Millie were like this girl, I should not mind it." At the station beyond, when Miss LaVerne arose to get up, the girl beside her rose also. She was rather surprised at this, but said nothing.

At the station was Bob, smilingly waiting for her, and almost crushed her in a bearlike embrace. After the usual greetings, she noticed that the little girl in grey was still in the station, apparently waiting for someone, and all at once Bob exclaimed, "By, Jove, sis, I forgot all about cousin Millie. She was to come on this train too, missed the one before." Wonder if that is she? I'll go see." Presently he came back with the smiling girl in grey.

"Cousin Millie has promised to forgive me for forgetting her. Sis, isn't she a brick?" But Miss LaVerne could only laugh in surprise, saying, "Why, Bob, we sat together all the way and didn't know we were going to the same place and were cousins."

Milliant Brooks was a very pretty little girl who enjoyed teaching more than anything else, and she was determined to teach Miss LaVerne to like it also before the summer was over.

The long tramps that the two took, the classics they read, the scholars they discussed, and, above all, the drives they took brought the two together until Miss LaVerne said she would have died of loneliness if Millie hadn't come. On one of their tramps in the woods Millie was explaining why she liked to teach school, when Bob ran in upon them, saying, "Say, Millie, mother says that she's got a special delivery letter at the house for you and she thinks it's important, so hurry home." When they arrived home Millie, opening the letter, read:

My Dear Miss Brooks:

Received your letter asking for a position for two lady teachers and am hastening to let you know that I can give you your old grade and your friend the one above it. Please let me know if these plans are satisfactory.

Yours very truly,

C. S. SHARP.

"Well, Miss LaVerne, shall we accept?" Millie asked, smilingly.

"Accept!" exclaimed Miss LaVerne. "We'll put a flag on every building on the premises; thank goodness you've taught me how to teach during these months that we've been together." And they began discussing their wardrobe and making plans for their departure. ANONA BENSING, '20.

PLEASURES

On Hallowe'en a masquerade party was given by the Juniors and Seniors to the Freshmen, Sophomores and Faculty. All came dressed in various costumes representing Indians, Holland girls, clowns, Red Cross nurses and ghosts. Of course, at first everyone was eager to become acquainted with his mysteriously dressed friends. After a nice lunch was served and toasts were given by different members of the school, the room was suddenly darkened and a ghost appeared. It told of a man who had met a tragic death and it passed around various parts of this man which had been found by the ghost. This awful tale made everyone shiver with fear, and so scared were the Freshmen that some were seen running nearly all the way home. The evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

Washington's Birthday was the day on which the Sophomores and Freshies gave a party in return for the reception given them on Hallowe'en by the Upper Classmen. An interesting programme was given, after which many of the new-fashioned games were played. We then went to the north basement room, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and enjoyed a luncheon served by the Freshmen and Sophomore boys. And it was later thought that some of the waiters drank too much cocoa because one of them failed to give his toast. But in spite of the hard tasks allotted to the speechmakers, a grand and glorious time was enjoyed, as young folks all manage to have.

"Of fun and frolic we've had a plenty,
For we're the Class of 1920."

In the rainy month of October, one Friday evening the Freshies, chaperoned by the Sophs, loaded themselves into Fords and were driven to the home of Alice Sherwood. There they entertained themeselves by "roasting dogs" and playing games. The special feature of the evening was the selection of the "best looking couple," the result being "Miss Kroft and John Forney."

On the evening of January 18, the last day of the semester exams, the few Sophomores who had survived the vigilance of Miss Kroft went to the home of Miss Opal Fretz for a rousing good time, which (believe us) we had. The excellent eats which were served were enjoyed by everyone. Miss Bixler chaperoned.

Van Brebill was very much surprised when the Sophomore Class, chaperoned by Miss Bixler, Miss Bailey and Miss Kroft, went to his home to help him celebrate his birthday, which was on January 22d. He was indeed so much surprised that his nerves were still unstrung when he cut the excellent birthday cake. However, a fine supper was enjoyed and a good time reported by all.

"Live while you live,
For when you die
You will be a long time dead."

This is what the Senior Class believes in, so we decided to give the Sophomores a little treat and see if we could not make them think that life was worth living. This party was given on the 9th of October at Helen Manroe's home near Corunna. During the evening we went to the woods and enjoyed a dog roast. Everyone did his share eating "Fido."

The Seniors believe in having a holiday once in a while. So when the Faculty decided to have school on New Year's Day the Seniors thought differently. In the afternoon of January 1 they all assembled at the home of Lynn Arthur and began the new year right by having a good time. They played games and during the afternoon Mrs. Arthur served oyster stew, which certainly hit the right spot.

The Juniors longed for a party, so on the evening of January 1 the class "got together" and had a party at Helen Eberly's. The evening was spent in playing games and several of the class went on a "Wedding Trip" but returned safely. Popcorn and candy was served and everyone reported a fine time.

On the evening of April 5, the Juniors enjoyed another class party, at the home of Oliver Miser. The members of the class were taken to the Miser home in automobilse. The evening was pleasantly spent in playing "winkum," "upset the fruit basket," and other games equally as harmless. Later in the evening refreshments were served, which, of course, everyone enjoyed. At a late hour (or perhaps it was early) all departed, saying that they had had a grand time.

"CHARLEY"

Last, but not least, of the High School working force, is our beloved janitor, Charles Price, better known by the nickname of Charlie. We think him one of the most important persons at school. He keeps us warm in winter and tries to keep us cool in summer. He picks up the chalk and little bits of paper which we thoughtlessly scatter around. In the autumn he rakes up the leaves and burns them, to the great delight of the little children. He seeks to make the schoolhouse and grounds clean and attractive. He works early and late in looking after his numerous duties. Charlie is very good-natured and although sometimes several Senior boys like to loosen the bell-rope or play other tricks, he will usually forgive them and give them another chance. He is always willing and ready to assist us in putting up curtains and arranging for programs. Here's to Charlie—may he live long and happily and be with us for many years.

BOYS BASKET BALL

To our Captain are these lines,
A better player is hard to find.
He plays left guard, and basket-thrower,
He is none other than Jack Moore.

Next in order is our right guard,
Who misses the easy and makes the hard,
He jumps around and his forward trails,
Why, this is none other than Clyde Fales.

Our jolly center, the biggest of all,
Has a tendency to move, and also to fall;
He knows the game, he couldn't be wiser;
This big guy is Oliver Miser.

Next in line is our forward fair,
Who gets around quickly thru the air,
A throw from him means a basket true,
And adds to the score for Waterloo.

And now is the one, the smallest of all,
It means a basket when he gets the ball.
But never mind, it's all the same,
Kenneth George is the player's name.

Subs, subs, everywhere, and not a one to spare,
They're the best ever found, always found
right there;
Forrest and Fales and Myers, that's the three
Who say, "Oh, Basket Ball, we love thee."

BASKETBALL SCORES

DATE	AT			
Nov. 28	Ligonier	17	Waterloo	7
Nov. 30	Waterloo	32	Corunna	2
Dec. 7	Auburn	25	Waterloo	5
Dec. 15	Waterloo	14	Kendallville	4
Dec. 28	Waterloo	4	Alumni	14
Jan. 4	Waterloo	13	Auburn	27
Jan. 26	Kendallville	20	Waterloo	5
Feb. 8	Butler	32	Waterloo	1
Mar. 1	Waterloo	3	Butler	16

Art, our student manager,
Takes in the "kale" each game,
And finds it quite a pleasure
To run that risk and blame.

Tator—small, but big in noise,
With a bunch of High School boys,
Always makes the Town Hall ring.
The girls—they, too, will jump with glee
While trombone, cornet and tuba
Unite to tell of our victory.

SNAP SHOTS

THE WEEKLY CREEPER.

An Annual Paper Price--One Creep a Year

ANOTHER SECRET ORDER FORMED

In the W.H.S.

A.O.C.

The Ancient Order of Chess was organized in the assembly of the W. H. S. February 12, 1918. Quite a few chess fiends were present. They organized and elected the following officers for the coming year:

Grand Predominator.....A. R. Hall
Chief Aide.....L. J. Arthur
Lieutenant Skinnum...Robt. Widdicombe
Corp. Igit Beet.....D. Bartholomew
Chief Annoyer.....Herbert Willis
Chief Police.....Joe Miser
Librarian.....Darrel Smith

The oath of office is as follows:

I, with my right hand on a checkerboard, hereby do solemnly swear and testify that I have read the rules of Chess at least five times and will take at least two hours and a half to play my first game.

This Order will put on a tournament in the near future which is being looked forward to with great interest by many.

There is a woman in Birdsville, Canary Islands, who has been married three times; her maiden name was Hawk, her first husband's name was Sparrow, her second husband's name was Robins, and her third husband's name was Wren. There are also two Sparrows, one Robin and one Wren, and the one who writes this is a Lyre, a member of the same family.

A MISERLY TALE.

(Special to The Creeper)

One day an old "Miser" took some sparkling "Wines." This affected him so much that he forgot himself and took a joy ride through a dark "Forrest." Thence he traveled till he reached a small town. Here he stopped and feasted on "Tator" soup and graham crackers. Later he visited a candy store and filled up on some cracker "Jack." By this time he was so dazed that he sang old black "Joe" until the end of that Perfect Day. He then walked until he came to the shore of a beautiful lake. He got into a boat and let a "Man roe" him across "Bixler" lake. Here he was met by a "Low man" named "Edwards," who invited him into the "Hall" for a feed. He "Frank"ly accepted the invitation and went in. He ate—then he ate some "Moore." He was in the height of his glory.

(Here the reporter's ravings were sadly interrupted by Miss Kroft calling upon him to recite a poem.)

A STRANGE DELUSION.

Has Been Insane for Twenty Years.

In the Asylum for Unaccountable Humans there is a painter of the "impressionist" school. To all visitors to his cell he points to a blank canvas in one corner, saying, "See, this is my latest masterpiece." They look and see noth-

ing but a bare expanse of canvas. They ask, "What does that represent?"

"Why, that represents the passage of the Israelites thru the Red Sea."

"Beg pardon, but where is the sea?"

"It has been driven back."

"And where are the Israelites?"

"They have crossed over."

"And the Egyptian horsemen?"

"They will be here directly. Now that's the sort of painting I like—simple, suggestive and unpretentious."

NOTICE!!!!!

Wanted.

$500,000,000 **REWARD!**

For the capture of Wilhelm (William) Hohenzollern, alias Kaiser Bill, charged and convicted of arson, having attempted to apply the torch to all Europe. He is known as the world's greatest firebug. He seems to have been a pet of Mars. His mind is strangely affected on all military matters. He carries a perpetual frown on his brow and never cracks a joke. His hobby is to fire off machine guns. Jumps up and down and screams in three languages whenever you s h o u t — U N I T E D STATES!

I want him dead or alive.

(Signed) UNCLE SAM.

PRIZE ESSAY.

Freshman Carries Off Honors!

PRIZE OF $$$$$.009 GIVEN.

(The writer has requested, on account of his extreme modesty, that his name be kept secret.—Editor.)

THE MOUTH.

The mouth is the hole in your face. It is the upper end of a long tube running to the stomach, into which you stow away hash, doughnuts and cornbread. Some mouths look like peaches and cream, but most of them look like a hole in a brick wall which a cyclone has made. The mouth is the abode of all toothaches and is the source of YELL. My mouth is a tool-chest for pie and I wouldn't take ten cents for it. Without it Miss Bailey would go down to an unhonored grave, and Fuzz Lowman couldn't toot his baritone. It is the pride of every healthy baby. It is temptation's lunch counter when attached to a maiden. Without it married life would be a summer dream and cats couldn't keep you awake all night howling.

PRIVATE ANNOUNCEMENTS

Publicly Expressed.

Kaiser William Hohenzollern is cordially invited to attend the annual feast of King Devil next Thursday night.

The Royal Palace,

Tuesday, April 3d. East Hades.

The Senior Class play, "All a Mistake," was given March 15, 1918, in the town hall. Scenery for the play was obtained from Corunna. The play was a comedy from beginning to end. The play was under the able instruction of Miss Bailey, who has had much experience in this line. The success of the play the first night was so pronounced that it was repeated on March 28th. The proceeds were applied on The Rosebud.

SENIOR LECTURE COURSE.

The entertainers and lecturers of the Dennis Lyceum Bureau sent here this winter under the auspices of the Senior Class were thoroughly enjoyed by the town-people. A fairly large number of tickets were sold, and while the Seniors' share did not amount to any large sum, they feel amply repaid for their efforts in bringing a lecture course to Waterloo.

John (English I, giving example of a sentence with commas): "Down the street, in front of the shop, around the lamp post, ran the dog."
Russel L.: "Gee, that dog's name must have been Rover."

* * *

Tater (reciting in Civics Class): "They won't let a polygamist into the Senate."
Mr. Hall: "What is a polygamist?"
Tater: "I don't know."

* * *

Miss Kroft (English IV): "She dressed as a page for some time."
Hazel (aside to Helen): "I wonder if she ever changed clothes."

* * *

Mr. Hall: "I think those Freshmen are wasting too much time. Some of them have spent at least ten minutes simply star gazing. It's all right to star gaze if you can see a star."

* * *

Darrel (English IV): "DeQuincey was a very precocious child, or in other words, a bright little cuss."

* * *

Z. A. W. (Commercial Law): "Lester, what would happen if Joe hired Bob to pull a seat out."
Lester: "They'd both get pinched."

* * *

"Do you want this?"
"No, I know better than to want for things I cannot have."

* * *

Jack (dreaming one Monday morn): "And she has the cutest laugh."

* * *

Miss Bailey (English II): "Where is the important thought in the sentence placed?"
Ross: "At the end."
Bailey: "If you had another important thought, where would you place it?"
Ross: "At the other end."

* * *

Hazel (to Joe): "Put up your feet."
Joe: "If I do I can't see the blackboard."

* * *

Mr. Willennar (in Physics IV, explaining diving bells): "Hazel, what would happen if a man would come from a diving-bell into the open air?"
Hazel: "Why, he'd bust!"

* * *

Miss Kroft (assigning books to be read in English IV): "Lester, I don't know what to give you."
Joe M.: "Give him the Bible."
Miss Kroft: "No, I have to give him something that I have read."

* * *

Miss Kroft (English IV): "Tennis is a very old game."
Darrel: "Yes, they played it in the Bible; Adam and Eve had a racket."

Mr. Willennar (after explaining a problem in Physics...: "I don't believe Lydia understands this."
Lydia: "Since when were you a mind-reader?"

* * *

Ross (giving current event in English Class): "There will be another vaudeville in the east part of the town hall next Wednesday night. Girls not admitted." (looking at Wilma C.)
Bailey: "Francis, give your current event."
Francis: "It is reported that Ross is insane."
Ross: "It's a false report."

* * *

Mr. Hall (Parliamentary Law drill): "It has been moved that a Senior boy shall carry—oh, I mean help Miss Kroft to the depot."

* * *

Heard at Sophomore Class meeting:
Van: "Helen D. is so bashful that she hasn't been to a class party, so I'm going to take her to the next one."

* * *

Opal (History II): "Alexander had no ancestors."

* * *

Miss Bailey: "What were they doing when they were feasting?"
Van: "Eating."

* * *

Wilma T. (coming upstairs with stack of books and ruler): "Oh, Lynn, I am just dead tired. Won't you carry these things upsstairs for me?"
Lynn: "I am just dead tired too, but I will carry your ruler."

* * *

Seniors practicing play.
Wilma: "Jack, wear that little green cap Friday night, won't you?"
Jack: "Why?"
Wilma: "Because I can act crazier when you have that on."

* * *

Mr. Hall (Civics): "What would happen if the President should die after February second?"
Fuzz: "They would bury him."

* * *

Van: "Have you got your implements of war yet?"
Lois: "What do you mean?"
Van: "Those things we use in Geometry."

* * *

Hazel (English IV): "The people of this age thought that an old thought dressed up was better than a—a—a—"
Fuzz: "A new one naked."

* * *

Z. A. W.: "I'll stay in the Assembly room with the Latin students so Miss Kroft won't have to teach her German Class in here. Then they won't disturb the Latin Class."
Irene F.: "You're a dear!"

Miss Kroft: "What are some products made from corn?"
George Speer: "Corn plasters, corn-cob pipes."

* * *

John F.'s Book Report: "Oliver was raised by hand in an orphan asylum."

* * *

Mr. Hall (Hist. III.): "In the early part of the war an ammunition factory was transported by Zeppelin from one city to another."
Kenneth: "Didn't they sort of have to take it apart first?"

* * *

"I think Worden is getting thin, don't you?"
"Thin! Well, I should say so. If he'd drink red lemonade he'd look like a thermometer."

* * *

English IV. Assignment—Robert Burns.
Bob W.: "Well, I guess I'm not so hot as that."

* * *

Miss Kroft: "What is a parasite?"
George S. (entering the room): "I've got 'em."

* * *

Seniors in the Assembly alone.
Senior: "Shhh! Tommy's foot's asleep!"

* * *

Teacher: "Who discovered the Sandwich Islands?"
Freshie: "Fuzz."

* * *

Kroft (Eng. III.): "Name a substitute for meat."
Bob: "Peanuts." (George Speer.)
Kroft: "Yes, all nuts are fat."

* * *

DeVon (Hist. IV.): "Didn't they used to use a cradle in thrashing?"
Hall: "Why, sure, didn't you ever use a cradle?"

* * *

Miss Bixler (Art II., helping Francis with his picture): "Look here, Nig."

* * *

Z.A.W. (Physics IV.): "What would happen if the air in this room would suddenly become 5 or 6 degrees codler?"
Hazel E: "We would beat it."

* * *

Miss Bixler (working on German lesson, speaking very low): "Darn this German!"

* * *

Z.A.W.: "I know a Senior boy who carries six subjects."
Velma (thinking of Darrel): "No, seven."

* * *

Ross reads stanza very slow in English II.
Miss Bailey: "Ross, read that more intelligently."
Ross: "I can't."

Z.A.W. (teaching English IV.): "Who was the greatest actor?"
Lester L.: "Charlie Chaplin."

* * *

Miss Kroft (Eng. IV.): "I can't distinguish the Bible from Shakespeare."

* * *

Mr. Hall (Hist. II.): "What route did the Persians take the second time they attacked the Greeks?"
Van: "They came right across."
Hall: "I mean, did they come in a round-about way or right over the Aegean Sea?"
Van: "Straight through."

* * *

Willennar (Eng. IV.): "What kind of poetry did the Caroline poets write?"
Hazel E: "Slushy stuff! Girls with bright eyes, rosy cheeks, etc."
Z. A.: "Hazel has been reading up on the subject."

* * *

Vera H. "Mr. Hall, what is the meaning of affirmative, isn't it no?"
Mr. Hall: "Affirmative means yes."
Vera: "I thought so."

* * *

Hall (Hist. II.): "How did the Greeks sink the Persian boats?"
Wilma C.: "Gee, I don't know."

* * *

Mr. Hall (Hist. IV.): "One of the Puritan laws was that a man couldn't kiss his wife on Sunday."
Lester: "That's the only day we do kiss her now."

* * *

Miss Kroft (Eng. IV.): "How was Ophelia supposed to act toward Hamlet?"
Hazel: "She was supposed to counsel her confections (meaning affections."

* * *

Miss Kroft (Eng. IV.): "What part did Polonius play before he appeared in the play, 'Hamlet'?"
Tater Little Eva in Uncle Tom's Cabin.

* * *

Blanche (in Hist. II.): "Another school was that of Sickism" (meaning Cynicism).

* * *

Miss Bailey (Eng. II.): "Opal has a funny spell this morning. I wonder what she had for breakfast?"
Anona: "Pancakes!"

* * *

Helen M.: "She was a crook."
Tator: "You are wrong; she was a crookess."

Miss Kroft (German II.): "What does schweinbvaten mean?"
Ross: "Must be pig feet."

* * *

Discussing Picture in Botany III.)

No. 1: "I say there's three people and a dog."
No. 2: "Yes, and there is a squirrel in that tree."
No. 3: "And there is a flea on the squirrel."

* * *

Miss Kroft (Botany III.): "How do snails pollianate flowers?"
Helen E.: "I didn't think a snail could go fast enough to get from one flower to another in the same year."

* * *

Miss Kroft (Latin II.): "Bob, that is a second paraphrastic?"
Bob W.: "A what?"
Kroft: "Didn't you ever hear of one before?"
Bob: "No, but it sounds interesting, though."

* * *

Mr. Hall (giving talk before the school): "Can you be happy washing dishes and sweeping?"
Miss Bailey (aside): "It depends on whom you are doing it for."

* * *

Miss Kroft (Eng. IV.): "John, who was Gibbon?"
Jack: "I forget his name."

* * *

Freshman (translating Latin): "When birds and other animals saw fire, they began to commence to flee."

* * *

Hall (Hist. IV.): "In which direction does the Niagara Falls fall?"
Hazel: "Why, down, of course."

* * *

Lydia (in assembly room): "Gee, I am the only girl over here."
Jack: "Oh, well, I will play girl for a while."

* * *

Miss Kroft (Eng. IV.): "What kind of music did Hamlet call for?"
Joe M.: "Ukelele music."

ALL SORTS

HASH

The boy stood on the burning deck,
His fleece was white as snow.
He stuck a feather in his hat,
John Anderson, My Jo!
Come back, come back—he cried in pain,
From India's coral strands.
The frost is on the pumpkin,
And the village smithy stands.
Ye banks and braes of Bonny Doon,
Across the sands of Dee,
Can you forget that night in June?
My Country, 'Tis of Thee!

* * *

He: "I would like to make a proposal to you—"
She: "I'm awfully sorry, but I'm—"
He: "That we go get some ice cream—"
She: "Oh, I'd be delighted—"
He: "Some warm evening next summer."

* * *

Failed in Latin, flunked in Math.,
They heard him softly hiss:
I'd like to find the guy that said
That ignorance is bliss.

* * *

A little bit of writing
Scribbled on a cuff
Helps a feller remember
Lots of important stuff.

* * *

FOOLISH QUESTIONS

1. If Niagara Falls, where will Cleve-land?
2. Was it raining during the battle of Manila Bay, or was it only Dewey?
3. If a broom can sweep, can sawdust?
4. If a knife can cut, can a porkchop?

* * *

EXPLANATION

For the benefit of our readers who may not understand exactly what the ninth period was, we make the following explanation: It is a period of time, from 3:40 to 4:00 p. m., to which any pupil might be assigned during the day for numerous offenses opposed to perfect scholarship, such as failure to prepare lessons, conversation, unruly conduct, chewing gum, and the like. The offender's name was placed on an "honor roll," which meant that he or she was cordially (?) invited to remain in the assembly with the teacher during the

aforesaid 20 minutes, and study. It continued only a few weeks, when the teachers saw fit to remove it.

* * *

I sit alone in the twilight,
Forsaken by God and man,
And murmur over and over,
I'll never eat onions again.

* * *

QUESTIONS FOR YOU TO PONDER OVER

(After you have answered them, look for the correct answers on page 91)

1. How do Freshies resemble real estate?
2. What is a coat of mail?
3. Where was Moses when the light went out?
4. What is political economy?
5. What's a sea-horse?
6. What is a tennis rachet?
7. What is a synonym?
8. What makes a kettle sing when it begins to boil?

* * *

My heart's so full of love today
For all my fellow-men,
I'd gladly knock some fellow down
To help him up again.

* * *

GEMS OF THOUGHT AND WIT

(By the Faculty)

1. Much might be said on both sides.—Kroft.
2. The ninth period is a help—not a punishment.—Hall.
3. The Waterloo boys will win the Basketball Tournament.—Willennar.
4. Men are such deceitful creatures.—Bailey.
5. I won't tolerate any nonsense from the Senior boys.—Bixler.
6. The three hours before midnight are better for sleep than the six after midnight.—Hall.

* * *

THE JUNIOR'S SOLILOQUY

The Seniors' time is nearly run,
Next year we'll put on airs;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints just as large as theirs.

* * *

SEVEN GREATEST EVILS ON EARTH

1. The guy that invented "jazz" music.
2. Diphtheria.
3. Latin.
4. Miss Kroft's smile.
5. Our jazz band.
6. Jack Moore's kodak.
7. Sandwiches.

A FRESHIE'S RHYME

Ain't afraid of roarin' lions,
Ain't afraid of bats;
Ain't afraid of elephants,
Ain't afraid of rats;
Ain't afraid of snarlin' dogs,
Ain't afraid of squirrels;
Ain't afraid of guinea pigs,
But I am afraid of girls.

* * *

CUE

Bix	Ginevra Bixler	Runt	Anona Bensing
Tater	Darrel Smith	Dumplin	Helen DeLong
Art	Lynn Arthur	Bill	Wilma Clark
Nut	Hazel Edwards	Inna	Irene Frick
Phat	Joe Miser	Nig	Francis Goodwin
Lid	Lydia Wines	Bill	Ross Myers
Fuzz	Lester Lowman	Jing	Van Brecbill
Tommy	Wilma Thomas	Peanuts	George Speer
Kid	John Forney	Bob	Robert Widdicombe
Hattie	Harriet Brown		

* * *

I wish I was a little stone,
A-sitting on a hill;
An' doin' nothin' in the world
But just a-sittin' still.

I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't sleep,
I wouldn't even wash,
I'd just sit still a thousand years
And rest myself, by gosh!

* * *

We Venture the Assertion That:

Love is the only thing in this school that the Faculty can't control.

* * *

LIGHT OCCUPATIONS

Hauling ashes out of a fireless cooker.
Selling ice cream cones in Iceland.
Shoveling snow in Panama.
Giving out rain-checks in the Sahara Desert.
Selling overcoats in Hades.

If you start to do a thing,
Make good.
If it be to dance or sing,
Make good.
If it be to write a book,
Or to be a noted crook,
Do your best by hook or crook—
Make good.

If you have a goal in view,
Make good.
It is simply up to you,
Make good.
Talk is cheap, so cut it out,
If you win the victor's shout,
You must watch what you're about,
Make good.

If you make a little bluff,
Make good.
Ante up the promised stuff,
Make good.
Failure everywhere is rife,
Be a live one in the strife,
Do the best you can in life,
Make good.

* * *

'Tis better to love what you can not have
Than have what you can not love.

"A Wife, By Golly."

* * *

Or, To Put the Idea Into Verse:

You can always tell a Senior,
For he's sedately gowned;
You can always tell a Junior
By the way he jumps around;
You can always tell a Freshman
By his rustic looks and such;
You can always tell a Sophomore—
But you cannot tell him much.

* * *

CAN YOU IMAGINE—?

Miss Kroft with a smile on her face?
Jack Moore without his specs?
Jing Brecbill with a girl?
The Freshmen boys serious?

Peanuts Speer without Kenneth George?
Brandon without Ruth?
Ruth without Brandon?
Kenneth George without Peanuts Speer?
Z. A. Willennar without an idea?
Ross Myers with 100 per cent. in deportment?
Harriet Brown without a frown?
Fredrice with John?
H. Farrington with rubber heels on his shoes?
A dictionary without words?
Fat Miser in a basketball suit?
Mr. Hall furious?
Anona Bensing serious?
Miss Bixler without her grin?
Miss Bailey at a vaudeville show?

* * *

Goodbye, goodbye, he whispers low,
As his arms enfold her tight;
'Tis sad to say that I must go
Home thru the dim twilight;
But never fear, for I will come
Again tomorrow night.
(Overheard on Eberly's porch one summer evening at 12:30.)

* * *

A FEW PROVERBS

Life is a wheelbarrow; it needs push.

He is a good talker who knows when to keep still.

To utilize the useless is the highest economy.

Fraternity— a word the Kaiser don't have in his vocabulary—the brotherhood of man.

The man of stability shows horse sense.

Fair and just criticism is absolutely essential to progress.

If at first you do not fail, be careful the second time.

A helping hand is better than the best advice.

Facts are indestructible.

Self-mastery is the first victory of every aspiring conqueror.

The formation of good habits is better and easier than the reformation of bad ones.

Dedicated to "Boob" and Lois.

A lover bold,
A knight of old,
Came across the flats one day;
The day was cold,
So we are told,
Still he kept right on his way.

He journeyed far
In his little car,
Till he reached southern Waterloo;
Then he got his girl
And they took a whirl
As fast as the wind they flew.

O'er plains they flew,
Thru Germany, too,
Till they reached the land of Troy;
But soon she spied
The Kaiser, and cried,
"Faster, oh faster, Leroy."

He sped the machine,
It could hardly be seen,
As it sped past farmhouse and dell;
The danger soon past,
They arrived home at last,
And the Kaiser was left—
in Germany.

* * *

QUOTATIONS

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
—Shakespeare.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining.
—Longfellow.

Rest is not quitting the busy career;
Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere.
—Dial.

HEARD IN THE "JAZZ" BAND ROOM

(After bass drummer has played the same "blue" note twice.)
Leader: "Are you playing the music as it looks?"
Drummer: "Yes, sir."
Leader: "And playing in bass clef?"
Drummer: "Yes, sir."
Leader: "Well, let's play it again."
(Again the same "blue" note is heard.)
Leader: "Are you sure you are playing the right note?"
Drummer (after gazing intently at the music): "Excuse me, I was playing a dead fly."

* * *

WHEN YOU GET YOUR ANNUAL: LOOK THROUGH IT

1. See how many times your picture is shown in it.
2. Show your pictures to everybody and act as if you don't like to have them there.
3. See how your best friend's picture looks.
4. Comment on the ability or disability of the Staff.
5. Tell how much better you could have done it.
6. Knock the whole thing.
7. If it isn't asking too much—Have a Heart!

* * *

I've been wondering all my life
Where Jing Brecbill'd get a wife;
Up to Bailey's is the place
Where the landlord will give him grace.
—Francis Goodwin.

* * *

A SENTIMENT

(A Sonnet)

I have gotten my Lizzy, all made up of tin,
I use no gas, but run on the wind,
To school every morning I merrily ride,
And in the evening, home I will glide.
I give her some gas, but very little spark,
Take hold of the throttle and off it will start.
And when at the rate of a two-forty clip
On turning a corner it began to slip.

It slipped and it slipped, till over it went,
But me—off to one side it sent;
My head hit a stone, which made me see things,
I thought me an angel with two nice wings.
And when I awoke, I saw where I'd lit,
But my little old Henry wasn't damaged a bit.

A SENIOR'S SADDEST THOUGHTS

I'm getting old, I'm getting grey,
I feel as though I'm on my way,
And soon I, in my grave will be,
I'm on the edge, I'm on one knee.
My head is bowed, my knees are weak,
And all my joints begin to squeak,
My nerves are bad, my thoughts are few,
I feel as though I need something new.—
Aw! Let's have a party!

* * *

NOTE FOUND IN THE ASSEMBLY ROOM

"D. B.: Let's change note periods. I will write you a note this period and you can answer it the next. I'll have more time this period. 'C.' A. B."

* * *

?

He saw her in the morning,
And then again at noon;
He saw her in the evening
By the light of shining moon.

He took her home from picture shows,
And parties, not a few,
Once he left in such a hurry
He forgot his rubbers new.

And so this sad tale ends, my friends,
Take a lesson from it, all;
And don't forget your rubbers
When on your best girl you call.

* * *

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE

1. They are a vacant lot.
2. A Knight shirt.
3. Upstairs in the attic sorting over old magazines.
4. Getting the most votes for the least money.
5. Present tense of saw-horse.
6. A lot of holes tied together with a string.
7. A word you use when you can't spell the other one.
8. It's the bacteria singing their funeral dirge.

SEPTEMBER.

Monday, 10—School opens. Freshies appear. Speech by the new boss. "Pretty Baby" played by request of a Senior.

Tuesday, 11—Program made out. Freshmen get scared when called to class.

Wednesday 12—First symptoms of diphtheria scare.

Thursday, 13—We try our voices. Seniors shine.

Friday, 14—Election of society officers.

Monday, 17—Five Seniors get "shot."

Tuesday, 18—More diphtheria scare.

Wednesday, 19—Ditto.

Thursday, 20—Tests by Miss Kroft. "And you have such a nice, kind face."

Friday, 21—Election of Annual Staff.

Monday, 24—Music by the Victrola.

Tuesday, 25—More scare.

Wednesday, 26—We get our necks filled with cotton. School closes.

OCTOBER.

Monday, 8—School begins again. Mr. Hall gives speech on "Preparedness."
Tuesday, 9—Sophomores give dog roast.
Wednesday, 10—"Where have all the pennants gone?"
Thursday, 11—Botany Class has an outing.
Friday, 12—Old soldiers' meeting at town hall.
Monday, 15—Trial. Guilty. Thirty days for the pennant stealers.
Tuesday, 16—Pennants returned.
Wednesday, 17—Seniors get a nice (?) speech.
Thursday, 18—Rain! Rain! RAIN!
Friday, 19—Physics. And the worst is yet to come.
Monday, 22—No English. Miss Kroft out too late the night before.
Tuesday, 23—First number of Lecture Course.
Wednesday, 24—Miss Kroft has the diphtheria.
Thursday, 25—Snow. "O you snowball."
Friday, 26—Ditto. Zedy program.
Monday, 29—Plan for Junior-Senior party to Sophs-Freshmen.
Tuesday, 30—Hallowe'en party.
Wednesday, 31—Everyone sleepy. Jack finishes breakfast in school. Teachers go to Indianapolis; vacation.

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NOVEMBER.

Monday, 5—Seniors adopt a mascot.
Tuesday, 6—Seniors have outing and break the camera.
Wednesday, 7—Speech by Mr. Hall on playing hookey. I wonder why?
Thursday, 8—Plans for Senior-Sophomore party.
Friday, 9—A dog roast. I always knew that Towser was a cheap guy.
Monday, 12—Miss Kroft back again. Jack rejoices.
Tuesday, 13—Wonder what's wrong? Phat looks so small.
Wednesday, 14—Everyone swears off eating oysters, especially the Seniors.
Thursday, 15—Effects of the oysters. Seniors in mourning.
Friday, 16—Speech by Mr. Hall. Beware of the Ninth Period (3:40 to 4:00 o'clock).
Monday, 19—New rules go into force. A few (?) have business after school.
Tuesday, 20—Ditto.
Wednesday, 21—Some new cases develop.
Thursday, 22—Rain; rain.
Friday, 23—Eddie Thomas speaks to the school.
Monday, 26—Waterloo beats St. Joe Basketball Team.
Tuesday, 27—Second number of Lecture Course.
Wednesday, 28—Waterloo beats (?) Ligonier.
Thursday, 29—Thanksgiving vacation.

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DECEMBER.

Monday, 3—The ninth period still continues.

Tuesday, 4—Bugs again; swallow more cotton.

Wednesday, 5—Miss Bixler has the "Dip."

Thursday, 6—W. H. S. goes to Farmers' Institute.

Friday, 7—Another "Waterloo" for Waterloo in basketball.

Monday, 10—Miss Bixler back; Jack happy.

Tuesday, 11—Bob rides—first of the season.

Wednesday, 12—Old case renewed—John Forney and Fredrice Frick.

Thursday, 13—Cantata.

Friday, 14—Zeda program—great success.

Monday, 17—O Joy! Girls beat Kendallville basketball team Saturday night.

Tuesday, 18—Fuzz and Jack have grown moustaches; Miss Kroft thinks that they are camouflage and orders their removal.

Wednesday, 19—Ninth period abolished. Everyone happy again.

Thursday, 20—Musical tonight. A success.

Friday, 21—Everyone sleepy. Vacation.

Monday, 31—Speech and demonstrations by Major Moudy.

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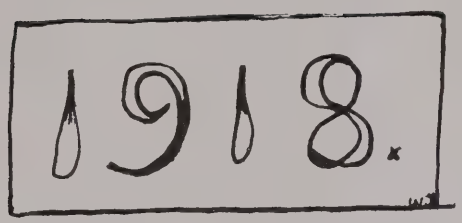

JANUARY.

Tuesday, 1—Music by the Victrola. No wonder it stormed.
Wednesday, 2—Seniors get lecture from Mr. Hall.
Thursday, 3—Tests! Tests! more TESTS!
Friday, 4—We play Auburn tonite.
Monday, 7—Hazel and Fuzz hold hands in school.
Tuesday, 8—O ye test grades! "Girls, don't make dates with the basketball boys."
Wednesday, 9—Waterloo vs. Angola; some score.
Thursday, 10—Effects of sleigh ride the night before.
Friday, 11—Some snapshots taken for the Rosebud.
Monday, 14—It takes all morning for us to get thawed out.
Tuesday, 15—New case: Nothing doing.
Wednesday, 16—Conservation of heat in Waterloo.
Thursday, 17—Exams! EXAMS!
Friday, 18—The worst is yet to come.
Monday, 21—Jack says he learned so much at Purdue that he couldn't remember it. School closed on account of measles.

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FEBRUARY.

Wednesday,—Nearly everyone over the measles and back to school.
Thursday, 7—Snow! Glorious snow!
Friday, 8—Team plays Butler tonite.
Monday, 11—Nothing doing.
Tuesday, 12—Juniors get a calling down.
Wednesday, 13—Most of the "measly" kids back.
Thursday, 14—"Won't you be my valentine?"
Friday, 15—Freshmen boys play hookey.
Monday, 18—Seniors practice play.
Tuesday, 19—A little "freshie" plays a tune.
Wednesday, 20—Miss Bixler gives Seniors some good advice the last period.
Thursday, 21—O sad calamity! Jack without his gum.
Friday, 22—Freshmen-Sophs give a reception to the Juniors and Seniors.
Monday, 25—Blue Monday.
Tuesday, 26—Get service flag. Basketball score at Kendallville not mentioned.
Wednesday, 27—O you party at Library.
Thursday, 28—Effects of the party.

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MARCH.

Friday, 1—Butler Basketball team here to-night.
Monday, 4—Freshmen get "shot" for the Annual.
Tuesday, 5—Ditto—Sophs and Juniors.
Wednesday, 6—Last number of the Lecture Course. The best of all.
Thursday, 7—Only eight more days until Senior Class Play.
Friday, 8—Everyone busy, by order of Miss Kroft.
Monday, 11—Lydia makes a "speel" in Civics.
Tuesday, 12—Rain! Rain! Spring are come.
Wednesday, 14—Practicing play, Jack very tired:—"For goodness sake, George, hurry up.
Friday, 15—The BIG event—"ALL A MISTAKE."
Monday, 18—Lecture by the Boss.
Tuesday, 19—Fat gets it on the bean by Miss Bixler's staff.
Wednesday, 20—Sophies like to play tennis.
Thursday, 21—Miss Bailey takes an auto ride.
Friday, 22—Warmer. We're off to Goodwin's woods!
Monday, 25—Some Sophies get scared.
Tuesday, 26—War impending!
Wednesday, 27—Battle still on.
Thursday, 28—"All a Mistake" repeated.
Friday, 29—Ciceronian program—the best yet.

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APRIL.

Monday, 1—April Fool. New time commences.
Tuesday, 2—Botany excursion; new case develops.
Wednesday, 2—Practice for "Cherry Blossom."
Thursday, 4—Elsta finds mouse in her pocket.
Friday, 5—C. F.'s trousers are invited down to his shoe tops.
Monday, 8—Mr. Willennar tells us some startling things in Physics.
Tuesday, 9—Victrola morning; much applause.
Wednesday, 10—Where are the Seniors' tennis posts?
Thursday, 11—More auto rides. Miss Kroft gets peeved.
Friday, 12—Speech by the "Boss."
Monday, 15—"Annuthern" by the "Prof."
Tuesday, 16—Botany Class is taken on another outing.
Wednesday, 17—Practice "Miss Cherry Blossom."
Thursday, 18—Tater pulls a bone in Commercial Law; United for untied.—I wonder what he's thinking of?
Friday, 19—Freshmen party postponed.
Monday, 22—More play hookey.
Tuesday, 23—Take not the name of the "Prof" in vain, for he will flunk thee.
Wednesday, 24—Parties. O boy!
Thursday, 25—"Miss Cherry Blossom."
Friday, 26—Ditto. A success!
Monday, 29—Play tennis.
Tuesday, 30—Efforts of Seniors to raise deportment.

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MAY.

Wednesday, 1—Watch for May flowers.
Thursday, 2—Seniors celebrate.
Friday, 3—Zeda programme.
Monday, 6—Fat decides to reform????
Tuesday, 7—Miss Kroft in good humor.
Wednesday, 8—Fuzz has the "blues". Wonder why?
Thursday, 9—Glen D. has his Latin to-day. What's going to happen?
Friday, 10—Visitors to-day.
Monday, 13—Freshmen draw pictures to-day.
Tuesday, 14—A few take "pleasure trips."
Wednesday, 15—Nothing doing.
Thursday, 16—We take a few souvenir pictures.
Friday, 17—Just one more week of school.
Sunday, 19—Baccalaureate Address.
Monday, 20—Exams!
Tuesday, 21—Still they come. O Joy! (?)
Wednesday, 22—Junior-Senior reception.
Thursday, 23—Class Day.
Friday, 24—Commencement.
Saturday, 25—Senior pleasure trip. Farewell, dear old W. H. S.

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Nettie Kelley, '85, died of consumption at Waterloo, Ind., August 10, 1891.

Nellie J. Carpenter, '91, died at Waterloo, Ind., October 30, 1892.

Edward E. Mitchell, '89, died at Kendallville, Ind., September 30, 1895.

Lena A. Rempis, '95, drowned in Crooked Lake, Steuben County, Indiana, August 12, 1898.

Abbie Sinclair, '87, died of consumption at Pasadena, Cal., July 11, 1900.

Alice Fisher, '90, died at Waterloo, Ind., May 15, 1902.

Dr. Bernard M. Ackman, '90, died at Bethany Park, Morgan County, Indiana, May 17, 1903.

Arthur Bonnell, '99, died at Fort Wayne, Ind.

Mrs. Ruth Closson Scoville, '99, died in California.

Lulu Knisely, '08, died of consumption at Waterloo, Ind., June 7, 1909.

Mrs. Jennie Swartz-Fletcher, '96, died from burns at Waterloo, Ind., October 5, 1909.

James Matson, '12, died of typhoid fever at Bloomington, Ind., April 20, 1914.

Clark Williamson, '01, died at Waterloo, Ind., of consumption April 26, 1913.

Edna Broughton Swartz, '11, died at Kendallville, Ind., April 18, 1918.

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